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master's confidence, that he was at last promoted to a station of some consequence in the management of his estate, and occasionally employed in purchasing other slaves. On one such occasion, being sent to buy twenty newly imported slaves, and instructed to choose only the strongest and best, he began his selection from the crew, but had not long surveyed the motley gang before he fixed his eye intently upon an old decrepit African, and told his master that *he* must be one of the twenty. His master, greatly surprised at the choice, remonstrated against it; but the poor fellow begged so hard, that the slave-dealer said, if they purchased twenty, he would give them the old man.

The purchase was made, and the slaves carried to the plantation; but upon none did Ameer bestow half the attention and kindness that he did upon the poor old African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him on his own bed; he fed him from his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when cold, he carried him into the sunshine, and when hot, he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut tree. He ministered to him as a dutiful, affectionate son to an aged father, and nursed him as a tender, devoted mother would a sickly child. Thus did Ameer requite the murderer of his father, and the enslaver of his whole family; nor did poor Karmuk, in the sad reverse of his fortunes, know from whose hands he was receiving all this kindness.

Such strange assiduities to a poor, gray-haired, worthless slave could not long escape his master's notice; and one day he asked Ameer what it could mean. "Why do you take so much interest in that old man? There must be some special reason. He's a relative of yours?—perhaps a father?"—"No, massa; he no my fader."—"Then he's an older brother?"—"No, massa; he no my broder."—"Then he's an uncle, or some other near relation?"—"No, massa; he no be of my kindred at all; he no be even my friend."—"No friend even!" exclaimed the master, in surprise. "Why then do you take so much interest in the useless old fellow?"—"Because, massa, he my *enemy*, my *worst* enemy; he killed my fader, he sold me, my moder and all her children, to the slave-dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink."

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS ON PEACE.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. CHILD.

This accomplished authoress, whose lively and exquisite pen is ever devoted to the cause of human weal, has been adding to those beautiful letters from New York which were collected, a short time ago, into a volume; and from a recent one to the Boston Courier, we copy some extracts on peace.

"To-day is Christmas. From east to west, from north to south, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the principle of love!—that feminine principle of the universe, the inmost centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept, *only* to swear by, that gospel which says, 'Swear not at all.'

"Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflict have 'nsured in our brief to-day;' and is there peace and good-will among men? Sincere faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, 'this doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice *now*; men are not yet prepared for it.' The same spirit says,

‘it would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they must first be fitted for freedom.’ As if slavery ever *could* fit men for freedom, or war ever lead the nations into peace! Yet men who gravely utter these excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never venture into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little likely to understand such a position, as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down tomahawks and scalping-knives at the feet of William Penn! With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! ‘The men carried arms,’ said they, ‘and therefore we did not *know* they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards.’ The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. ‘They carried arms,’ said they, ‘and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm, if we had known they were men of God.’

‘If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, ‘we will not fight under any provocation; if other nations have aught against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen;’ think you that any nation would *dare* to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if any were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry fie upon them, and by universal consent, brand them as poltroons and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptance of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town (in the Tyrol, I think), and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed the gospel of Christ, and proved their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, ‘If they *will* take it, they must.’ Soldiers soon came riding in with colors flying, and fifes piping their shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning-wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty trainers, with feathers and bright buttons, ‘the harlequins of the nineteenth century.’ Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. ‘Where are your soldiers?’ they asked. ‘We have none,’ was the brief reply. ‘But we have come to take the town.’ ‘Well, friends, it lies before you.’ ‘But is there nobody here to fight?’ ‘No; we are all Christians.’ Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb-proof. The commander was perplexed. ‘If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight,’ said he. ‘It is impossible to take such a town as this.’ So he ordered the horses’ heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

‘This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and navies, if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity of another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above-mentioned.